

EPAULET

MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE

FALL 1964



V. 25, No. 1

This issue of *The Epaulet*
dedicated to the memory of

MISS ESTHER SWAFFIN

MWC student 1961-1964

EPAULET

MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE

Vol. XXV

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No. 1

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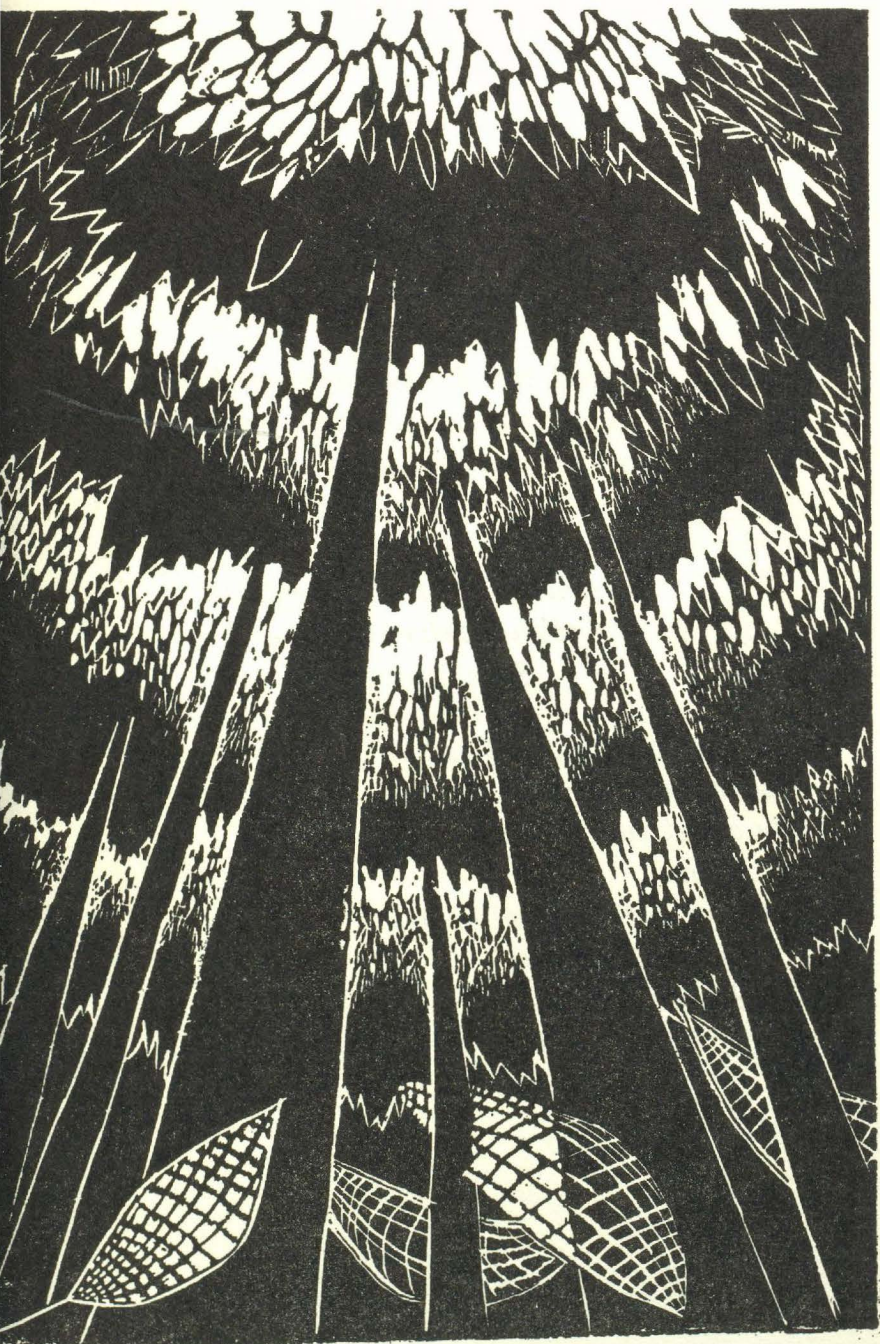
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Frontispiece

Abbie Donald

AUTUMN DUET

Every day that tree I pass grows redder still—

First a rose-tipped end to high green leaves

Then creeping of that blush toward

lower branches and

toward me.

Soon it will be red throughout,

with spark of Gold—

Soon burn out.

As in the short, sunlit days of Autumn

Leaves give up their lives

in a last full furious riot

of color

Giving in their final breath

Beauty unsurpassed,

So would I die.

Louise Stevens, '65

*Aurora came
Like a bluebird
Soaring,
Swooping,
And gliding
Through stillborn crispness.*

*While Hesperus,
As though a robin,
Wearily rested
On a gnarled limb
And, yawning,
Filled his lungs
With rust tinged air
Before departing.*

Pat Williamson, '68

*Are leaves bright-uniformed soldiers, marching
To meet their timely fate?
Or are they silent ghosts of the burnt-out summer,
Frightened by the wind?*

Linda Patterson, '65

THE WAR WITH POINT OF VIEW

*Come rise with me to a point I know,
Mashed in the dust of stampeding stars,
A point that merely may be,
Yet is, above the spitsea.
Come watch with me the NO-men Cyclops
Shrieking out their laughingsong,
Seeking out the smaller gnomon,
Waiting stiffbacked for the kill.*

*The gnarling NO-man springs his pintongue
From a mouth of blackphlegm ooze,
Gashing the victim, tasting his lick,
Strutting his cusp inside the quick.
Wild screams of piercing laughingsong
Feed the orb its hoisting juice.
Pulsing, stretching, blood veins retching,
The NO-man prances, heaving song*

*Whose strains remain (too shrill to muffle)
Rasping at the freebrain's edge.
Swelling, aching, braingush breaking,
Drains a monstrous spherical stare.
But stop. Rise up, come go with me
And free your surging unheard word.
High above the flooding spitsea,
We could rest there, you and me.*

Carolyn Shockey, '65

A TIME OF CHANGING

*The breeze
 stirred
 the
 shadows
With branches of old trees,
And the sounds of an afternoon
 Silenced
The sounds of a morning.
I knew, standing alone,
That a time had finished,
That another had begun.*

Clair Golihew, '66

PATIENCE

*The line moved and stopped and moved
While my jaws were clenched
And curses clamored at my teeth.
Still the line
 moved,
 stopped,
 moved,
And night fell crashing to the ground
While the line never ended,
 never began,
never.*

Clair Golihew, '66

THE RAGGEDY RAG MAN

*An old Druid sat in a tree
Conj'ring up toads and devils
and me
I'm a tippy-toed tappy-toed
There-by-the-sea
The waggedy raggedy rag man.*

*On the day I was born
I ran down to the sea
I skipped and I hopped
And I skithered my knee
I'm a freckle-faced, shoe-unlaced
There-by-the-sea
The waggedy raggedy rag man.*

*Silver-tailed Mary lives
Down by the sea
And since we've been young
She's been promised to me
She's a Here I Am! There I am!
Come from the sea
The love of the raggedy rag man.*

*In a chest full o' seagrass
We'll live all our life
With all the fish children
That look like my wife
It's an upside-down, turnaround,
Undersea life
To live at the home of the rag man.*

Lori Vink, '65

THE UNLISTENER

Streets cold and cramped today, noise deafening—what a day to start Christmas shopping. Don't want to think about goin' another step, maybe a hot cup of tea at this drug store—'til bus-time—oh, full too. No place to be alone, relax, in Washington frosty days like today. No place, people hurrying.

Certainly not like shopping trips at home—friendly store-keepers, knew each family member by name, sometimes remembered the time of year of a birthday. They knew, chilling days, no one wants to shop to buy.

Here's a place, looks like Cardwell's at home—dim lights, dirty, steamy windows, peeling door sign. Different though. Everything's different here . . . no friendliness in dingy shops in Washington.

ding

"This ring comes from Bangkok. It is a very exact copy of the ring that the king of Thailand wore in the seventh century when . . ."

"How interesting. Do you carry steelware from England?" she said as her eyes quickly skimmed the counter.

This little man knows I came in to get out of the cold—imagines I'm waiting for a bus, have another twenty minutes, didn't want to go into a crowded store. Why so interested in giving the history of a ring I can't afford to buy, wouldn't wear if given. Sometimes I wonder about little old men on F Street, their little old shops, endless stories. Never met one like this though—this one doesn't see I could care less about anything in his store.

"What a strange color that salad bowl has."

"Yes, I have many calls for the wood from Colombia. I first saw it when visiting a friend. It is of such a fine grain. There seems to be something about the heat at the equator that tones the wood from those countries. My friend had been tempered by heat also, our discussions were fantastic—diplomatic—quite secret. The craftsmen of Colombia are guided by centuries of artisanship. An inheritance passed from generation to generation among the mountain Indians—you really must visit the country to appreciate it. . . ."

He has a strange accent, strange smell. Just my luck, fallen into an opium den—he might be trying some sort of code on me, thinks I'm a contact from a syndicate. All rather exciting—but be horrible if some policeman came in, thought so too, then this shopman identified me as one of the organization. Really must see if the bus is there, had better not let him know I suspect, better be

interested in something, buy something so he won't think I'm interested in the opium over there in that pot—must be where he keeps it, never seen the like of that pot.

"Do you have some kind of card? I would like to tell my friends about your unusual stock."

"I have a few here. They were printed for the grand opening. All of my friends from the United Nations came down to visit. We had good times talking—all very confidential, you know. You would probably be interested in the Chinese dolls that we received this weekend. . ."

I knew it—that must be the signal, the password. Time to leave. "How much is that emerald pin?"

"Oh, my dear young lady, that is a Tourmaline. You can always tell the difference in the two by . . ."

Will he never stop—missed my bus now, probably be arrested, just for some warmth on a cold day. I'll work my way to the door.

ding

"Yes, Sir. May I help you? Yes, it is certainly a cold day. I believe that those are snow clouds in the sky. They remind me of the clouds over Norway . . . this is just the day to show you a lovely hand-carved bracelet that came in recently from Oslo . . ."

Clair Golihew, '66

THE UNKNOWN FACTOR

The careful

Geometry

of his life—

Black and white—

A is A

Every question, an answer.

But I am I

and not found

by applying the Pythagorean Theorem.

Elaine Henry, '67

HAPPINESS

*A fragile crystal,
Twinkling.*

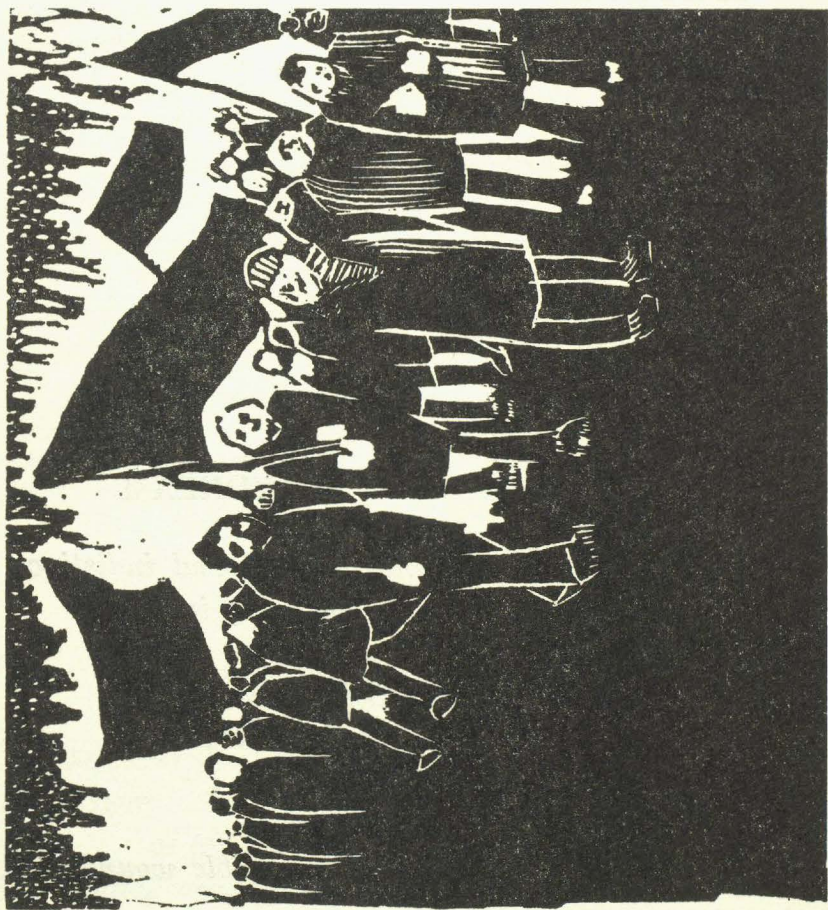
*Myriad shimmering lights
Shattered
By the clumsy hand
of Reality.*

Elaine Henry, '67

DAYDREAM

*Outlines blurred and indistinct,
Colors merging into
unfrenzied pastels.
The painful focus of
Razor-edged Reality
Intrudes,
To inflict
invisible wounds.*

Elaine Henry, '67



Abbie Donald

Revolution

*Words unsaid
like songs unsung
and tears unshed
leave in the heart
the taste
 of last dry crumpled leaves
the smell
 of dank-dark cellars
the weight
 of almost rain.*

*Words unsaid,
and songs unsung,
and tears unshed
only find new spring life
 and air,
 relief—
becoming
Done.*

Louise Stevens, '65

OPIATE NO. 2

*In the nectarine night
Blazier than noon
But black,
I wandered wide
To the tune of a tuneeful
Melon moon.*

*Random rain fingers forked
the scissored scimitar
But patly I plied my paths wide
Where little sex seeds fallen.*

*Apricots packed in the night numbed
And puckered were pears and peaches
and plums
Peeled and sharp were
Pineapple spars
And thistles of thirst.*

*Liquid lost lights, but black
Round round shapes playing close
Near shaved touches, severed from breaths:
I, a form in a pregnant egg salad
Following my feet.*

*A harp too heard I was lost
Following my feet
White harpfingers played a new pungency
Sympathetically
Up like an eyelid rolled the night
To a lidden-eyed eaten hour
Hiding a seed.*

Lori Vink, '65

FOG POEM

*Clinging to earth
the mist glides,
enveloping those stark
fingers of trees,
caressing the valley's
greensmooth thighs.*

Louise Stevens, '65

TEARS

*Falling like the rain,
Tears strike the pain of houses
Flooding windows of the soul,
Seeking entry for some grief,
Searching out an inner peace.*

*While outside, the pelting rain—
Running off the shingled roof—
Thrusts downward, meeting earth,
Causing soil to swell,
Breathing life into a seed.*

Martha E. Giles, '65

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE IN THE TIME THAT WAS

Once upon a time there was a prince—at least I think there was—for a very old woman told me this story, and she sometimes makes mistakes. But I am sure that the story is true because I heard it also from a very VERY old man who lived during the ONCE UPON A TIME, and he certainly should know because he used to know the boy who held the horses for the prince. And he said it happened this way.

It was the once upon a time in this land that there used to be kings and princes. When our prince that had the adventure was thinking about being king, he decided that it would be very lonely to be a king without a queen. In fact, it had never been done before that he knew of. When he thought about it some more, he decided that the Queen should be beautiful, because his mother the Queen had been very beautiful. And she must ride upon the wild white pony that was the daughter of the white pony his mother had ridden upon when she had been the Queen. The white ponies of the Queen his mother and her mother before and all the mothers you can think of had been the wild white ponies of the family of Darla. These ponies could be ridden only by the Queen of our land, and all the Queens have been beautiful. The very VERY old man that told me the story tried to keep a Darla pony after the King and the Queen had left this land, but the pony would not be gentle to anyone but her beautiful Queen, and so kicked and so neighed that she broke from her stable one night, and was never seen by any man again. That is why you hear a far-off rushing in the night sometimes in this land, and find small prints in the sand when you walk along the beach. This is what the old man says, but he sometimes makes mistakes.

When the prince had decided about his beautiful Queen, he went to the library to learn how to find a beautiful queen. He went to the backmost book on the uppermost shelf of the king his father's library, and took down the heavy book bound in red and blue and white which held the royal secrets. In this book there was a passage which read:

On the Joyous Occasion of the Selecting of our Queen, this Practice and This only may be Followed:

The prince or king-to-be will ride himself through the streets of every village of Our Land, and he shall ride a wild black stallion of the family of the Serreté, stallion of his father Kiron in the First Age. And the demoiselles with pale hair or with black will stand near when he is passing by: no other must be seen in the street at this time. From these the prince may choose the three that please him best; the Queen will be chosen by the white pony Darla, whoever she will take for mistress. Without this no Queen may be chosen, for so it has been from the time of our King Kiron in the First Age.

Soon the prince was making preparations for his travelling. He had a cloak of ruby velvet made, and the clasp was a black-diamond stallion. He would carry the sword of his father Chirom at his side, with a handle of rubies and black diamonds and a large emerald in the very center. On Serreté, the wild stallion, he used no saddle, but a bridle that gleamed with rubies against the jet of the stallion's coat. And he carried a cloak of emerald velvet, with clasps of white-diamond ponies—a gift for his Queen when he should find her.

Then everything was ready, but the bridle for the white pony Darla had been forgotten. The bridle was made with emerald-stones, and was used without a saddle to guide the pony Darla; it had not been used since the time of the last Queen Raina, the prince's mother. It had been broken in that time, and no one had thought to fix it again, since only the Queen might ride the pony. Now the prince felt haste to fix it and be on his way, for he had not very often been beyond the castle walls where men said there was adventure waiting—and his Queen. But the prince had waited too long, for the pony Darla had escaped, just as she would do later when my friend, the very old man kept her. And the boy that held the horses for the prince said that it was because the pony had grown wild without a queen. And everyone said that it was very sad, and shook their heads, and wondered what the prince would do now with his ruby velvet cloak and jewelled sword and fancy bridles.

Indeed, the prince himself did not know what to do. But the prince had a good friend named MacCarthy who was very wise, and when he spoke the prince usually listened. After talking with his friend, the prince was greatly cheered, and soon afterward began the journey, on his own, to find his Queen. As he rode out the castle gates, in his ruby cloak and his jewelled sword, the people cheered and waved, and Serreté pranced jet-black in the sunshine. But some of the people shook their heads that day, and said it was strange that the prince should seek to change the law of his father Chirom and of his fathers in the many ages. The boy who held the horses for the prince even said "Bodkins!" but mostly to be heard saying bodkins, and he quickly turned and smiled at the prince. But the prince had not even noticed, for his heart was full of high adventure, and his back was covered with a ruby cloak. So he rode, proudly in the sun, on his great black stallion Serreté, into every village in the land, looking for a Queen and wife.

Into every village in the land rode the prince on the black stallion, with the sun warm on his back, looking for a wife. He went first to the large villages, then to the smallest, and lastly to the in-between villages. And all he saw was demoiselles of pale or black hair, lining the streets where he passed, and all were young and lovely in the land at this time. He smiled into every face, but at each new town his heart was sadder, especially at the in-betweens. And when he finally came through the castle gates again it was evening, and the prince was tired, and his new cloak lost

on the road. But when he went into his chamber, he carried the emerald cloak in his arms, and after laid it in a chest, all gently folded and soft as the gift for a queen. And then he looked on it for a while, and sighed and shut the lid. He was lonely because he was a king without a queen. He was also very tired, and went to sleep alone in his chamber.

Soon everyone was shaking his head and saying how strange it was and how sad it was that the prince did not choose a queen. Such a strange thing had not happened in the land since before the time of King Kiron in the First Age, when there had been dragons and serpents to threaten the men of the land on their way home from work—or the women on their way to the market. The only war of the land had been fought by Kiron, later King Kiron, to drive out the serpents and dragons, the enemies of the people, and from this time on nothing strange had happened. And soon several people had heard the boy who held the horses saying "Bodkins!" to show that he now thought that the prince should take a wife, although the white pony had not returned to choose her. Even MacCarthy was worried, as the prince declined to play chess with him at nights or to climb down the ivy on his tower or race stallions with his friends. The prince became more and more grave, much like a king without a queen.

Things were quiet in the land for a while. Then time approached for the coronation of the prince. Everything had to be done according to the heavy bound book in red and blue and white which held the royal secrets: princes and princesses from eighty-three other lands must be invited for festivities which would start three weeks before the coronation; royal tournaments were to be held in the Great Arena, in the riding of horses, chariot racing, the throwing of lances, and many duels to which the prince could be challenged to compete—and win; great balls were held every night, to which demoiselles of pale or dark hair would go with men in velvet cloaks, to pay honor to the king that would be. Much enjoyment was had at this time, but the prince grew graver and graver, although he attended every tournament and every ball and every royal dinner. The men of the castle hoped that MacCarthy could make the prince laugh again, and so he tried to open the eyes of the prince to the many demoiselles of pale and dark hair. But the prince's eyes were closed to every lovely face and every lock of hair, and there was no one to whom he would give the emerald cloak, or make his Queen.

On the day of the coronation everyone was joyful except the prince; in fact, the prince was almost forgotten because he was so grave and gloomy. The stallion Seretté was gay though: he pranced and jaunted as if he were a king himself, and some say, as if he had a secret. And the sun shone bright on the rubies of his bridle and on his jet-shiny coat.

At the very moment that the sun came out and the day stopped being gloomy (for it was a rainy day, in spite of the celebrations,) a strange thing happened. This was the third strange thing to

happen since the time of Kiron in the First Age, and all three had happened to the prince. But this was the very strangest thing of all, for in the moment that the sun shone out and Serreté pranced and the prince was almost to dismount to go into the cathedral to be crowned, the white pony Darla appeared in the square, with the sun bright on her silver coat and emerald bridle. And on her back rode a demoiselle with hair as pale and as fine as the pony's own, and over the shoulders of the demoiselle was the lost ruby cloak. The people murmured that this must be a princess, to come so fine on the back of the white pony; and so she was, the fair princess Ceylana, from the far north country at the end of the world, where the Darla ponies had first lived. The necklace of emerald which she wore would have told the prince that she was Ceylana, for it bore her name in gold letters, but the prince did not take his eyes from her lips like rubies, or her eyes that were blue-diamonds, or her skin so fine and white, or her pale, pale hair. The prince looked fine and young again as he slipped the cloak from her shoulders, and brought her the gift for his Queen, the green velvet cloak with the white-diamond clasps.

As all could see, this was the girl to be Queen according to the ancient law, for she had been chosen mistress by both their prince and his famous wild pony. Again people shook their heads and said that this was what they had known all along, that the prince should wait to take a wife, according to the law of Kiron. But the prince knew only that he would not be a king without a queen, for this was lonely.

So it was that the king rode to his coronation on a proud black stallion, with a princess beside him on a white prancing pony, and the day that he was King of the land, the princess became his Queen. They who are very old will tell you the rest of the story, how the brave King Romare ruled with his Queen for many happy years in this land, how nothing strange ever happened any more, and how the black stallion and the white pony became symbols of our land to all who know the story. But for more, you will have to ask the old woman or the very old man in the once upon a time; for I am young like you and I sometimes make mistakes.

Lori Vink, '65

*Yesterday refuses
sun's shadows*

And

in the

*struggles
of
today
DIES.*

Isabell Johnson, '66

A GIFT OF LOVE

*How could I ever see
Such beauty in an object
If you had not given it to me?
A part of you lives within this offering,
For in its depths I see your reflected love.*

*Perhaps you knew its sorcery,
And, charmed within,
 You gave it to me
 To trap me with you.
For at its meeting points
 Our hearts are seized
 And souls possessed;*

*And will abide there
Until time and distance will remove
And allow our eyes to reunite,
Enraptured,
And free our love from the honey warmth of stone
Turned cold
In the realness of our presence.*

Diana Hamilton, '66

anOTHER CYCLE

*the
pines
puncture infinity*

*& days pour out in
happy jumbles
slip sliding down
stern slim ever so
slightly sophisticated branchswoops,
condescendingly nodded by a mostly dignified sniff
of air—you know just how pines have a
private way of breathing—
a gentle swing sends timelessness
cascading amongst greenly ever branches,*

*only their personal ponttifications allow
(you mind) in autumn time of only dancing)
spouting first green (grown) then breen now become brown
stiff cones of more seeds to grow winter safe (some scrubb
squat)
newly prickle pushing little needle kniving sprout sprasms
of
impunitive
infant
pinelings.*

Pamela J. Ames, '64



Anne Everett, '65

THREE OLD FRIENDS

Mara awoke to a gray morning and the sound of cars splashing through the street below. Beside her, Paul slept on. Her back was to him, but she could hear his regular breathing; each time he exhaled, his breath caught in an almost inaudible half-snore. She rolled over onto one elbow and looked down at him. His eyelids did not quite close, and the whites of his eyes showed a little. Once, at first, she had kidded Paul about sleeping with his eyes open, but he had seemed ashamed and embarrassed and she had not mentioned it since.

She got out of bed and dressed quickly. While she was brushing her hair, the alarm rang, startling her so that she stared at her own eyes in the mirror until Paul turned it off. He rolled onto his side and curled up to continue his sleep. Paul always resisted the fact of morning, even on Sunday, when he slept late. She let him doze off, then woke him with a rough shake before he fell into deep sleep again.

While Paul dressed and shaved, she put breakfast on the card table which served as the dining area. When she had first met Paul, he and Alex had eaten out most of the time, and had found that the beds or the desk made good tables whenever, because they were broke, they ate in the room. Mara poured tea and found some leftover sweet rolls for Paul.

When Paul came out of the bathroom, his black curly hair was shiny with water.

"Do I have a clean shirt anywhere?"

"On the doorknob."

"Which doorknob?"

"There. On the closet," she said tossing her head in that direction. "If it had a mouth it'd bite you." The shirt was light blue and clean, but a little worn-looking around the cuffs. He put it on and sat down to eat. Mara was nearly finished. She had only a cup of tea for breakfast.

"I may drop by the Academy sometime today," he said.

"Not this morning, I hope," she answered. "You'll be late for work."

"Maybe this afternoon, then. I heard Alex sold one of his paintings."

"How much did he get for it?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Probably not much or he would have come over by now to tell me."

Mara got up and put her cup in the sink. "Well, whatever he got, it won't last long."

Paul laughed. "Probably not," he said.

"I'd better get a move on," she said grabbing her coat from the closet. "Do the dishes before you leave?"

"Sure," Paul answered, "I'll have time. So long."

She kissed him good-bye and went out.

As she left the building, she saw Alex coming toward her. He was flushed with the morning chill which had followed a night rain, and his freckled face was nearly as red as his hair. He was wearing a short black coat with the collar turned up which she vaguely recognized as something she had once seen Paul wear. He grinned when he saw who she was. They both stopped. Alex seemed happy to see her, but then he always seemed happy about something.

"Mara! How are you? I haven't seen you for weeks," he said.

"I'm all right, Alex," she answered. She had not smiled yet, and forced herself to now.

"Well, look, is Paul home? I wanted to see him for a minute."

"No, he's left for work already."

She walked toward the corner bus stop and Alex walked beside her, leaning toward her from his towering height and talking.

"Oh, then he is working. I had heard that, but—. I wondered why he was never around the Academy anymore. You know. I thought maybe he was sick or something."

"He's—too busy—for art school," she answered. He's working down at Garner's now."

"He like it there?"

"Yeah, sure. It's all right."

"Isn't he going to night classes? He could go to night classes."

Just then Mara saw her bus pass the corner without stopping.

"My bus!" she cried. "Alex, you've made me miss my bus."

"Oh—I'm sorry," he said, responding to the concern in her voice. "Will you have to wait long?"

"Twenty minutes," she said. "I may as well walk."

"I've got to get going, too," Alex said. "Mention those night classes to Paul, huh?"

"Sure. I'll tell him. He doesn't have much time to paint, but O. K., I'll tell him."

"Good. So long, Mara."

"Bye, Alex."

Alex darted across the street against the light and turned to wave good-bye when he got across. But Mara was already hurrying away along the sidewalk. She could just get to work on time if she hurried.

Carol Obert, '66

COURAGE

*I stood looking at the night
And realized
That only time stands between
The beginning and the end
Of everything.*

*I laughed and waited;
I cried when I saw there was
Nothing.*

*Nothing to wait for, nothing
To believe in, the
Beginning closed.*

*I ran to the sea
And I was a child;
Interim was meaningless
And life beginning.*

Judith Berinati, '65

BUT BY THOSE WISER

*New tastes,
Exciting, fresh and clean.
But by those wiser,
Condemned.*

*New knowledge,
Tickling, delicious and infinite.
But by those wiser,
Ignored.*

*First love,
Frightening, frank and joyous.
But by those wiser,
Belittled.*

*Adolescence,
Man, God and thyself.
But by those wiser,
Forgotten.*

Pat Conner, '68

COMMENT

*I'm a big and brawny
girl
with lacy longings.*

Louise Stevens, '65

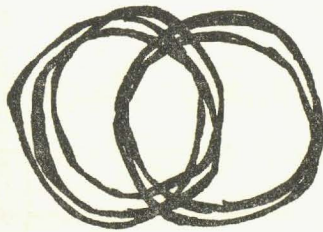


Vicky Mason, '65

APRIL 1964

*Clio, push
hard against the wheel;
As one day sets, this other dawns.
Take to you that dear life
So harshly spun
From our circumference,
And usher into our encircling arms
this regenerative life
so womb-warm still
(diminutive wonder-strength that heals).*

Louise Stevens, '65



*So lived you
That your death's degradation
Could not rob me of that last smile.
The Taps, that your last tune was,
Finale sang to one strong, gentle life.*

Louise Stevens, '65

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